For saying nothing; when I am very sure
If they should speake, would almost dam those eares,
vvhich hearing them would call their brothers fooles,
Ile tell thee more of this another time.
But fish not with this melancholy baite
For this foole gudgin, this opinion:
Come good *Lorenso*, faryewell a while, farwell
Ile end my exhortation after dinner.
*Loren.* Well, we will leaue you then till dinner time.
I must be one of these same dumbe wise men,
For *Gratiano* neuer lets me speake.
*Gra.* Well, keepe me company but two yeeres moe,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine owne tongue.
*An.* Far ~~yeu~~ well, Ile grow a talker for this geare.
*Gra.* Thanks yfaith, for silence is onely commendable
In a neates tongue dried, and a mayde not vendable. *Exeunt.*
*An.* It is that any thing now.
*Bass.* *Gratiano* speakes an infinite deale of nothing, more then any man in all Venice, his reasons are as two graines of wheate hid in two bushels of chaffe: you shall seeke all day ere you finde them, and when you haue them, they are not worth the search.
*An.* VVell; tell me now what Lady is the same
To whom you swore a secrete pilgrimage,
That you to-day promisd to tell me of.
*Bass.* Tis not vnknowne to you *Anthonio*,
How much I haue disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port,
Then my faint meanes would graunt continuance:
Nor doe I now make mone to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate, but my cheefe care
Is to come fairely off from the great debts
vvherein my time something too prodigall
Hath left me gag'd: to you *Anthonio*,
I owe the most in money and in loue,
And from your loue I haue a warrantie
To vnburthen all my plots and purposes
How to get cleere of all the debts I owe.





*An.* I pray you good *Bassanio*, let me know it,
And if it stand as you your selfe still doe,
vvithin the eye of honour, be assurd assured
My purse, my person, my extreamest meanes
Lie all vnlockt to your occasions.
*Bass.* In my schoole dayes, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the selfe-same flight
The selfe-same way, with more aduised watch
To finde the other forth, and by aduenturing both,
I oft found both: I vrge this child-hood proofe,
Because what followes, is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a wilfull youth,
That which I owe is lost, but if you please
To shoote another arrow that selfe way
vvhich you did shoote the first, I doe not doubt,
As I will watch the ayme or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazzard back againe,
And thankfully rest debter for the first.
*An.* You know me well, and heerein spend but time
To wind about my loue with circumstance,
And out of doubt you doe me now more wrong,
In making question of my vttermost,
Then if you had made waste of all I haue:
Then doe but say to me, what I should doe,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest vnto it: therefore speake.
*Bass.* In *Belmont* is a Lady richly left,
And she is faire, and fairer then that word,
Of wondrous vertues, sometimes from her eyes
I did receaue faire speechlesse messages:
Her name is *Portia*; nothing vndervallewd vnder-valew'd
To *Catos* daughter, *Brutus Portia*,
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the foure winds blow in from euery coast
Renowned sutors, and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
vvhich makes her seat of *Belmont*, *Colchos* strond,